

WOMAN: THE SPHINX.

By FERGUS HUMR.
AUTHOR OF "THE MYSTERY OF A HARBOR"
AND "A TRAITOR IN LONDON."

CHAPTER XVII.

Having failed to gain speech of Agnes at the picnic owing to Arden's arrival, Mr. Sulway determined to put his fortunes to the test next day. Agnes had mentioned that she would be in the church in the morning at ten o'clock, so at that hour Anthony found himself in the porch. There he paused for a moment or so to regain his courage, which he lost out of him on his way from the inn. This was the climactic moment of his life, and he was extremely nervous, as was every natural under the circumstances. The refusal or acceptance by Agnes of his proposal would decide his future, and that was no light thing to contemplate. He felt like a swimmer struggling in deep waters, waiting for some friendly hand to save him. He was about to enter the church when the door opened, and Agnes appeared with a serene look on her face. As usual she wore her nun-like garb of white, and looked as pale and pure and fragile as a lily. But, again, Anthony noted the incongruity of her red hair, and experienced a momentary quail of doubt. This gave place to a feeling of absolute belief when she smiled at him with her kindly eyes.

"Good morning, Mr. Sulway; you are punctual, I see."

"I hope I have not disturbed you," said Anthony, somewhat weakly.

"Oh, no! My duties for the morning are over. I have decorated the altar with flowers, and have been in consultation with Mr. Arnold and Harry Lee over the anthem for Sunday. Now I feel inclined for a walk."

"But, Miss Jerome, I wish to speak to you!"

A shadow passed over her face and she hesitated. There was no doubt in her mind as to what Anthony wished to say, and unwilling to cause him pain, she would have prevented him from doing so if possible. However, seeing from her resolute look on her face that it was not possible, she yielded to the inevitable with a good grace.

"Let us go yonder," said she, leading the way across the churchyard; "we will not be disturbed in this corner."

There was a secluded part of the churchyard under an ancient wall overgrown with ivy. Here grew a huge yew tree under the green foliage of which was a flat tombstone of granite with a half-obliterated inscription to the memory of some village worthy who had passed away some hundred years before. Agnes seated herself hereon, and looked out into the bright sunshine at the square tower round which the swallows whirled and darted, at the red roofs of the vicarage and the green slope of the hill; but she did not look at her lover. No colour flushed her face, no emotion made her hands tremble, no love light brightened her eyes. Like some statue of parian marble, with white dress and pearl white face, she sat, waiting for Anthony to speak. Had he been wise he would have taken warning by this chill indifference, and have seen that his cause was lost even before it was pleaded. But he was too much in earnest, too moved by emotion, to note her lack of warmth, and rushed blindly on to his fate.

"Miss Jerome," he said slowly, "I wish to tell you a story."

"Do you think you are wise to do so?" said Agnes doubtfully.

"That has yet to be proved," replied Anthony, taking a seat beside her. "But, as I like the ancient manner, I must tell my story—to you."

Agnes said no word, but made a sign with her head that she was prepared to listen, whereupon Anthony spoke calmly and quietly. He felt instinctively that this course was better than indulging in passionate and frenzied declarations.

"There was once a man," he began, keeping his eyes fixed on her face, "who lost his parents early, and had no one to guide and discipline his mind. He was not a wicked man, and he wished to do right; but his passions were strong and his will weak, consequently when exposed to temptation he found himself unable to resist in indulging in what he knew was wrong. And for money money for his needs, he was foolish enough to enter a profession, but chose rather to be an idler and a seeker after pleasure. In London he was drawn into the vortex of society, and he lost his illusions, and blunted his natural nature, until he became one of the most miserable of human beings."

"And all from self-indulgence!" observed Agnes, shaking her head.

"Yes," said Anthony in a melancholy tone, "all from self-indulgence—the self-indulgence of a weak and un disciplined mind. A thousand times he repented for his better instincts were not wholly dead, and these at times rebuked the folly and frivolity of his life. Alas! whatever efforts this weak soul made to rise to higher things, he always fell after a time, and sinned more foolishly and wickedly than ever. He despised himself for his weakness, he loathed himself for his indulgence in evil, but the worst part of him was stronger than the better, and after a few feeble efforts he bowed himself to be swept away by the strong tide of circumstance. Do you not despise such a man, Miss Jerome?"

"No," she said softly, "I pity him."

"You are a lenient judge, for truly I think he deserved blame rather than pity. He should have controlled his evil nature and subdued it."

"But you say that he attempted to do so?"

"Yes, many times; but the evil in him was stronger than the good, and he rose only to fall again the deeper and deeper until he almost lost all hope of happiness and content. Then finding temptation too strong for him, he behaved like a coward worsted in the Battle of Life, and fled to a Thelblad of his own. He went to Africa and plunged into primitive solitudes, where he lived a life stripped of all civilising influences. He found that, removed from temptation, he could conquer his evil passions, and for two years he remained in the desert fearful of returning to danger, at the end of that time he thought that he would have grown stronger, and that he would be able

to resist the animal within him. In a word, he deemed that he was cured. In this happy belief he returned to London."

"Did his belief prove correct?" said Agnes, looking steadily at him, for the first time.

Anthony shook his head, and dropped his eyes. "No," he said, in a regretful voice, "when he was exposed to temptation his old passions resurfaced themselves, all the stronger. He fell and sinned in the old way, and, finding that his evil was too weak to combat his desires, this man looked round for some good and pure woman who might guide him in the right path and sustain him when tempted. He heard of such a woman—of one who was called a saint, one who had pity for her erring fellow creatures, and who devoted her life to aiding them in time of trouble. This man—but why should I continue so transparent a fiction?" cried Anthony rising. "It is I—I, who speak to you, who am a weak fool; and it is I who have come here to ask you to be my wife."

"No, Mr. Sulway, it is impossible."

"No, it cannot—it must not be impossible. I love you, Agnes; I look upon you as the one woman in the world who can save me from myself. If you desert me I am lost."

"But I do not love you. I—I cannot give you my heart."

"Then give me your pity; love will come in time. But for mercy's sake, my dearest, do not refuse to aid me. I am in deep waters; I sink, and I have no hope of salvation save in you."

As he spoke he caught her hand and pressed it strongly to his breast. Agnes, white and trembling, yielded herself passively, and was unable to speak for the strong emotion which shook her frame. Twice she opened her lips and twice closed them again, while Anthony, with eager eyes, strove to read his fate in her pallid face. Finally, with an effort, she rose and pushed him away fiercely.

"It is impossible—impossible," she said, twisting her hands together as though she suffered from physical pain.

"Not that word, Agnes! Love! Love! I cannot save you."

"But why? In God's name, why?"

"I am not sure of myself," said Agnes with a shudder. "I am not fit to be your saviour. I am not the woman who can guide you. God help me, I dare not undertake so great a task. I should fail—fail." She hesitated. "We should both fail—both fail."

"Not you! Not you—a saint!"

"I am not a saint. I have passions like you; and that I have crushed them is due only to the ascetic life I lead. If I am tempted I also might fall; and, if I fall, how could I hope to save you?"

"I cannot believe it. You are good."

"Yes, I am good—now," she cried in despairing tones. "But the test comes I may fail; I feel that I should fail. You have seen my father—a poor, weak drunkard. How can you expect that I should not inherit his evil qualities? And I have! I have! It is only the goodness of God that has upheld me, otherwise I should have fallen to the lowest."

"Because your father has vices it does not follow that you should inherit them," said Sulway, distracted by her grief.

"Have you forgotten what it says in the Bible," replied Agnes with an expression of anguish. "The sins of the fathers shall be visited on the children."

"There are exceptions."

"Not in my case. Shall I tell him away to hell? Shall I tell him that he should know?"

"Know what?" cried Sulway, overbearing.

"The secret which is in my family."

"But I do know it. Your father's weakness."

"That is one secret; there is another and worse one. Wait! wait! let me consider it myself. It is wise that I should know!"

Anthony resumed his seat on the tombstone, while Agnes, with a pale and anguished face, walked rapidly to and fro trying to recover her composure. He wondered what she was about to tell him; vowing silently that, whatever it might be, he would still continue to desire her as his wife. What if she was weak as he had said?—had she not crushed them down, and conquered them by her prayerful and ascetic life. If he married her, he also might seek spiritual aid against the assaults of the flesh; and the two weak souls, dwelling far from the temptations of the world—say, in Apple Tree Town—might not be supreme happiness this state of seclusion and wrestling with evil instincts, but at least it might bring content. The highest is not attainable in this world.

Shortly Agnes began to walk slower, and her expression of anguish passed away. She clasped her hands to her bosom, and bent her head to murmur a prayer. The influence of religion seemed to have returned to her, and she seated herself by Anthony, her face had almost regained its serene look. But, as the swell of the ocean betrays the late storm, so did the uneasy expression in her eyes reveal that her soul was not yet at rest. Nevertheless she spoke quietly and decisively to Anthony, and attempted to reason him out of his inclination.

"You do me great honour in asking me to be your wife, Mr. Sulway," she said in an unusually calm voice; "but it cannot be. You think me a saint—but, alas! I am but a sinner."

"All saints say they are sinners," said Anthony, stubbornly refusing to be convinced.

"No doubt; but it is particularly true in my case. It is certain that I have done no evil, but the instinct of sin is here, striking her breast; and, did you see me as I might be, you would learn how unfitted I am to become your wife."

"You will never do evil! I shall never see you as you might be."

"Perhaps not; if God gives me grace to resist. But I have another self, evil and wicked. You shall see that other self, and behold to what depths of degradation I might fall."

"I don't understand you."

"You soon shall. But, first give me your promise to keep what I say secret from all."

"I promise—on my word of honour."

"One person only can you speak to about what I reveal. Lord Arden; he knows the truth."

"The truth! Lord Arden!"

pested Anthony, now much bewildered. "What does he know?"

"He knows that I have a twin sister."

"A twin sister?"

"Yes. A twin sister called Arden. She is so like me in looks and speech, and expression that you can hardly tell one of us from the other. Also, she has the same instincts as I for good and evil. But while I, with God's help, have conquered to some extent my inherited evil passions, she has given full play, and lives a wicked life."

"Where?" asked Anthony, surprised by this revelation.

"In Paris. She is the notorious 'Laisa.'"

Anthony jumped up with an exclamation of astonishment. Often had he heard of Laisa, who was one of the most beautiful and most evil women in Paris. She glowed in the imagination, and had taken the name of the Greek celebrity in her overwhelming pride in her own beauty. It was said that she had ruined a man every year, and for five years had done so.

"Do you know her?" asked Agnes, whose cheeks were burning at the shame of the confession.

"I have heard of her," stammered Anthony, trying to be calm. "Laisa, your sister, 'Good Lord!'"

"Yes," said Agnes, steadily, "and but for religion and God's saving grace—but for the love of Christ, so merciful to sinners—I might be even as she. Now, you see why I dare not be your wife. I might become even as she and disgrace your name, and ruin your soul. Hush, not a word, I entreat! Go to Paris and see what Laisa is, then ask me—her sister—to be your wife if you dare. Lord Arden will tell you anything else you wish to know. I shall not see you again. I cannot trust myself."

The last word, uttered falteringly, raised a sudden hope, inspired a certainty of knowledge in the heart of the listener. "You love me," he cried, and advanced with awakening passion. Agnes waved him back.

"No, no. I love no one; no one save God—who saved me from becoming even as my unhappy sister. Prayer and fasting, fasting and prayer; you come to tempt me to forsake these safeguards. But I shall be strong. You shall not come into my life."

"Have you no pity for one who loves you?"

"Pity would be weakness—to you as to me. Can two wrongs make a right; can two reeds be united to form an oak. By your own confession you have failings as I have. And you come to me—to me—for salvation. I cannot aid you. Your battle must be fought out alone; alone I fight out mine. I talk to you, I talk to little. You have asked a question; you have received my answer. Go and God guide you. I seek the Cross, at its foot I must lay my burden."

Anthony would have spoken, but before he could find a fitting argument, she disappeared into the church, seeking sanctuary, as it were, from her own weakness, from the temptation of the world, and from the temptation to which Anthony was subjecting her. He remained without—alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.
LORD ARDEN ADVISES.

In this way the dice were thrown and the game was played out. The Devil won, as he usually does, and Anthony, his hopes at zero, stood defenceless to the assaults of evil. He was as a man cast into deep waters, and they threatened to overwhelm him. The light of his mind, the darkness and peril he laboured, with no hope of rescue. For a moment or so he stood on that stricken field, then fled away—whether he knew not.

Lord Arden waited luncheon for his friend, but as he did not come, ate a solitary meal. On the whole, he was not surprised. He knew that Sulway had been with Agnes that morning, and guessed that something had happened. Doubt was turned to certainty when a note was brought to him from Agnes requesting him to call at the vicarage. Shaking his head, Arden paid the visit, and returned from it with a full understanding how to deal with Anthony. But the man was far away on the hills fighting with the evil, and it was not until midnight, and when that he came home. Arden received him kindly and gravely.

"Well, my friend, have you conquered?"

Anthony stared at him without understanding the question, and entering the sitting-room threw himself into an arm-chair. Seeing that the poor fellow was broken down and returned with a brown mixture, Anthony had already ordered a brandy and soda, seeking comfort in the Devil's elixir.

"Don't, Sulway, that will fret your nerves beyond endurance. This is better for you."

"What is it?" asked Anthony, setting down his drink untasted. He had no will at the moment to combat any suggestion.

Valerian, prepared in a special way by a French chemist. It will calm you. Come, drink it up like a good fellow."

But a nerve storm shook Anthony to the centre of his being. He raged up and down the stairs, and, when he came to the outside, trembled for the safety of his furniture. Luckily, the door was so thick that she could not understand his ravings, for Anthony said many foolish things about himself, about Agnes, which it was as well no one should hear. Then the collapse came, and breaking down he lay like an exhausted soldier. Arden seized the moment when the man was helpless to insist upon his drinking the medicine, after which he made him lie down on the sofa, and waited beside him until he fell asleep. When the crisis was past Lord Arden charged Mrs. Jumps most solemnly not to enter the room.

"I am going to the Manor House," he said, "and am to be there in an hour. Do not wake Mr. Sulway, or the consequence may be serious."

"Begging your lordship's pardon, but I do 'ope as the poor young gentleman has not been taking on with brandy like."

"No, no, nothing of that sort," cut in Arden impatiently. "Mr. Sulway has been drinking about all day and has had no food; consequently he is upset. He will be all right when he wakes."

"I do 'ope so, your lordship," cause it ain't my furniture I wish made matchwood of, but may I ask your lordship if you have 'eard 'ow Miss Agnes 'ave gone away this very afternoon?"

"Yes, she has gone to London, Mrs.

Jumps. That is quite enough. I want no more talk. I shall return in an hour." And Arden walked away through the moonlight night to the Manor House. After his Good Samaritan work he needed fresh air and exercise.

At the end of an hour Sulway awoke, feeling much calmer. Sleep and drug had done their work, and he felt that he could now talk coherently with Arden. But where was his friend? The room was in darkness, and empty. Struggling out of the sofa, Anthony went to the casement and threw it wide open. He leaned on the ledge drinking in deep draughts the cool night air, and looked dreamily at the quiet scene transformed into another and more mystical world by the moon rays. Then gradually his senses and memory came back to him. He recalled the interview of the morning, and how he had rushed away to find peace in solitude. What he had done up there on the hill he could not recall; the hours seemed to have passed in one long agony of pain. He had lost Agnes—he had lost his saviour—that was the only thought in his mind, and it filled it to the exclusion of all others. Agnes was lost, and he—was lost also.

"Hello, old chap, you are in the dark."

"Arden. I am glad you have come back. Where have you been?"

"At the Manor House, making your adieux."

"My adieux. What do you mean?"

"It is a long story. I think we had better have lights in before I tell it."

"No, no, lights would hurt my eyes, and my head is aching like to split. Tell your story whatever it is—in the dark. There is a fitness about the darkness to-night."

Arden understood very well that Sulway was ashamed to let him see his face in the light, so willingly acquiesced in this request. He seated himself in a deep chair by the window and lighted a cigar. At the spur of the moment, Anthony turned away, and only when the darkness again covered his shameful face.

"Do you feel better Sulway?"

"Much better, thanks to your medicine, Arden. I am ashamed that you should have seen me in this state."

"Rot! It's only a case of no food and overstrained nerves. If you fancy I think the loss of a man like you for crying you are very much mistaken."

"Thank you, Arden," and Anthony put out a feverish hand which was firmly and warmly shaken by his companion. "I see we understand one another. And now tell me what you mean by making my adieux at the Manor House."

"Well I told them there that you and I were returning to town to-morrow."

"But I have no such intention. Why should I go?"

"I think it is best that you should go. Forgive me, Sulway, if I appear to be talking too much upon myself, but I have been a good deal distressed to do so by Miss Jerome."

Anthony groaned at the mention of that name which revived his pain and distress.

"Have you seen her?"

"Yes, she sent for me this afternoon and told me all."

"Why should she do that?" cried Arden, "what business is it of yours, Lord Arden?"

"This much," said the young man, quite unmoved by this outburst. "I wish to be your friend, and show you how wrong it is that you should desire to marry Agnes Jerome. You have seen her; now you must go to Paris and acquaint yourself with her sister."

"What! do you know that Laisa?"

"I know that she is Marion Jerome's twin sister for a long time. That is why Agnes depends so much on you, and she asked me to help you."

Anthony groaned.

"How can you? My trouble is beyond your mending, I think."

"Not if you face it bravely. See here, Sulway, it is no use whimpering under the lash of necessity. You must drop your weird, and fight for the evil hand like everyone else in this world. It is out of the question that Agnes Jerome should save you, nor can anyone else. You must do that work yourself. That is brutal sense."

The sharp words acted like a tonic to Sulway, as Arden intended they should. He drew a long breath, and braced himself up mentally and physically.

"Good man. Do so and you will win."

"I am not so sure of that."

"Believe me, you will win," repeated the younger man emphatically. "I am not by way of being over-religious, but I would remind you of an old and true saying, 'God helps those who help themselves.' He will aid you in the fight, and you, poor soul, has enough to do, battling for herself. I saw her to-day, and she told me of your passion; she also asked me to cure you of it, by sending you to see Laisa."

"How can that save me?"

"It will show you what Agnes may become. You would not think of asking Laisa to be your saviour, of making her your wife."

"No," replied Sulway, shuddering, "she is hopeless a sinner as I am. I have seen her, and I am certain that she is one of the worst women in Europe. She sits like incarnate Sin on a pile of broken hearts and ruined lives. And to think that she is the sister of that saint, it is not credible."

"Indeed, Sulway, it is more credible than you are aware of. You have read Zola's novels, I know, and therein you have seen the description of the various sins committed by a mad race. The Jerome family in a great measure resemble the Rougons; the members of it for generations have suffered from neurasthenia. Mr. Jerome, as you know, is a confirmed drunkard against his own will. I am certain that he loathes strong drink as much as he despises himself, but the hereditary curse drags him down to wallow in the mire. He must sin in that particular way, there is no help for him, save in being denied alcohol. His father and his grandfather were the same. A brilliant race, a clever race, a race which should have made a great mark in the world, were it not that their blood was poisoned by the wine. Agnes and Marion are not drunkards, but they have the hereditary instinct;

in Paris before, but not for some years, as I have not met her since. "It is just as well you meet with the good sister first," said Arden, a trifle dryly. "Had you fallen in love with the sinner, who knows?"

"You practise all you preach I hope, Arden."

"I make the attempt, sometimes—unsuccessfully. But that is not the life, or myself, so seriously as you do. He paused, and added in a graver tone, "What is to be the end of all this, Sulway? If you learn your lesson in Paris—"

"I shall return to the wilds of Africa, Arden." The young man suddenly faced his friend. "Have you told me all about this affair?"

"I have told you all that you need know," said Arden unhesitatingly. "But something remains unsaid."

"Well, yes. Do not ask me what it is. I cannot tell you." He paused for a moment, then added, "you will probably learn all you wish to learn in Paris. I would not be for you for something, Sulway."

"Wait till you learn your lesson, then I will answer."

"You hint at danger, Arden?"

"Go to Paris—go to Paris!"

(To be continued.)

THE BOOKMAN.

Apart from the interest of the subject itself, Messrs. Cassell's new volume dealing with "Familiar Butterflies and Moths" is a charming example of colour printing. The illustrations are admirable as the text is instructive. The accomplished author, Mr. W. P. Kirby, of the Zoological Department of the British Museum, has not only given us a popular account of the more interesting and remarkable of British moths, but he has added a small selection of European species. Many persons travelling on the Continent will be glad to know something of the insects which they do not recognise in Britain. Altogether a very worthy addition to the literature of a great subject.

One of the funniest books of the season is "Cash in King," by William A. Red (H. J. Drake, Ed.). The humour of the "novel" is not so much in what the author has written as in the general idea of the story. Mr. Reid extols the boasted capital, fundamental against the workers and their ways, and generally upholds the system of "cornering." He explains everything, from the water supply to the practice of medicine, and even in the millennium brought about by this means the syndicates remain. The narrative is supported by that of one who styles himself "Sir Albert Alford, citizen of the United States, born and bred," and "baron of Ohio" when the President of the Syndicate of Syndicates becomes King of America.

"Real Life," by Charles S. Marshall, is issued from the same publishing house, is a modern novel with little plot, less action, and a number of uninteresting characters whose conversation is dull when not absolutely silly.

A stirring story of adventure in Spain in the middle ages is "God, The King, My Brother," by Murray P. Nisn (Wag, Lock and Co.). The classic of steel rings throughout the book, and a strong eloquence is also a material factor in a narrative which never flags in interest.

Recent issues of the useful "Arte and Handicraft Series" (Dawson and Ward, Ed., each) comprise "Glass Work," "Amateur Carving," and "Picture and Frame Restoring." The booklets are well illustrated and full of practical hints.

Messrs. Dobbs, Kidd and Co. have made a notable addition this month to new art publications. It is called "Beautiful Pictures," and it does not belie its title. At a price that brings it within the reach of all, it contains reproductions of some of the nation's most remarkable works. They are issued loosely so that they may either be pasted into the parts, which are provided with proper mounts, or framed as decorative ornaments for the home. Better education in art than a familiarity with the world's masterpieces. The new series should be eminently popular.

Full of readable articles, admirably illustrated, is the latest number of "The English Illustrated Magazine," Dickens's London is well treated by Mr. W. D. Dextre, while Mr. W. M. Webb deals with "Famous Chimes." A charming story, excellently told, is contributed by Miss Dorothea Deskin, a young writer of considerable promise. Altogether this current number is above the average.

NEW UNIONIST CLUB.

A Unionist club is to be erected for the S.W. Division, and the premises decided upon for the purpose are the old Excelsior Baths in Bethnal Green-road. It is estimated that, taking the purchase money, the cost of the building, the total expense will be about £2,500, in addition to which £450 will be required for furniture. Mr. S. P. Ridley, M.P., has subscribed largely to the fund.

THE TERRIBLE HOUR OF TEN.

The hour of ten a.m. was an hour especially dreaded by Mr. J. E. Leewood, of Wood Street, Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The Sultan of Turkey is said to dread the approach of night, but for a very different reason.

If Mr. Leewood could have out the hour of ten out of the first twelve hours of the day he would have done it. For his torture began at that time. Nothing that he did had power to stave it off; he was compelled to go through with it.

Regularly as the clock hands showed ten a.m. a keen physical pain seized him. It was like the sure infliction of a legal sentence by inevitable instruments. His chest was overborne by a strange pressure and fulness; with a sense of gnawing, as though rats were devouring him inwardly. This horrible feeling has been experienced by many and is described by some of the leading men of England in their personal memoirs. It is one of the symptoms of acute indigestion, or (the same thing) inflammatory dyspepsia.

The coats of the stomach are sensitive to a sore eye, and when food is swallowed and stirred up against them—then comes the feeling as of little white teeth biting and scraping. A titled lady once said of it, "The Spanish Inquisition could have worked theological miracles with this form of torment at command."

In a letter dated April 29th, 1901, after mentioning what I have referred to, Mr. Leewood says:—"By mid-day the pain was so great I often had to throw myself on my back—getting most comfort in that position. Seeing how I suffered the old Governor offered to get me to drink a glass of whisky, but there was no cure in that."

"At dinner I could eat but little; and I had always to be careful what I ate. By night I lost flesh and looked thin and sickly."

"Finally a small pamphlet fell into my hands, that told about Selgel's Syrup. I had tried all sorts of so-called remedies in vain, and when I bought a bottle of Selgel's Syrup I really expected no benefit from it. But the Syrup took effect almost immediately. The pain soon abated and when ten o'clock came round without bringing my punishment I was a happy man. After six weeks or two months I was sound and right."

"That is two years ago, and to-day I eat as heartily a meal as anybody; and that I think shows how complete my cure is."

(Advertisement.)

POLICEMAN ROUGHLY TREATED.

For a singularly brutal assault upon a policeman, William George Clifton, of South Norwood, and Mr. Harman, of Livingstone-road, Thornton Heath, were at Croydon each sent to prison for two months' hard labour.—P.C. Roberts had in custody a prisoner who gave much trouble, obliging him to use his truncheon. There was a very large and threatening crowd intent on rescue, and the man made a running kick at complainant, knocking him down, and then struck him with his fist on the face and leg. Lacy joined in beating complainant with a thick army belt.

OLD FATHER TESTS DOUBT—Full value is set on the return of post-R.D. and J. H. FRANK, 15, Prince-street, London, the largest and best bargains in the trade.—(Ad.)

THE PEOPLE, SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1901.

the third act in silence. The triality of elderly chums, living as bees combed twenty-one," were differentiated with a keen perception of individuality as the joker, the soldier, and the doctor, by Messrs. Neil O'Brien, J. R. Crawford, and F. H. Tyler, and Mr. Bassett Ross faithfully imitated the talk and acting delineated the saturnine and morose provincial leader, morosely jealous of the "Philly." The amiable inanity of Fidelity's mother was cleverly sketched by Miss Alice Ingram.

Save in the forbidding third act the play was cordially welcome, and its players were greeted no less heartily and enthusiastically by a kindly and appreciative audience, evidently American as well as English in its composite company.

COURT.

The hope felt by first-nighters that Mr. Stuart Ogilvie would do four-act play, entitled "John Durnford," at the pretty Sloane-square theatre, would bring good fortune to the management of Messrs. Brickwell and Frederick Kerr, resulted in disappointment. The piece, apart from the few scenes of bright comedy which helped slightly to enliven it, proved a rather sagacious, unobscure, and homely-jointed story, which, through the puzzle of it was at last understood, was found to be neither new nor interesting, introducing as it does a group of conventional characters, rendered familiar by acquaintance with previous stage presentations. The gist of a plot too loosely unfolded shows a young wife of plebeian origin compromising her own good name and the honour of her husband by giving an assignation at a remote provincial inn to a libertine peer, and only to be rescued from the social peril consequent upon her frivolous conduct by a lady who, suspecting mischief, reaches the secret rendezvous in time to rescue the first lady from a fate, generously taking the onus of the rash escapade upon herself. The strained sentiment of this social incident is interwoven with the political problem whether the stern Radical statesman, who is the father of the flighty intrigante, may, consistently with his strictly puritanical principles, act as a party leader in connection with, and concert with the peer, publicly known to be a profligate. John Durnford, the Parliamentary leader in question, is represented as further complicating the entangled story by succumbing to the fascinations of the free-hearted, innocent Irish girl, who had saved his daughter by entreating her to be his mother's maid, and to a wife confined as a lunatic. The inconsistency of Durnford's character is rendered the more glaring by his having, with unmanly brusqueness, previously repudiated Jennie O'Callaghan to her face as a person unfitted by her conduct to be the companion of his daughter. The innocent Irish woman is thus treated as a wife justifying her condemnation by piling insult upon contumely, saves the father, even as she had rescued the daughter, from dishonour in gently declining his base proposal, at the same time recalling him to his better self through the duty he owes his country as a statesman. With this tame record the play is brought to a conclusion, the scene of sympathy.

The incomprehensible character of John Durnford, at first a rigid devotee of duty, afterwards derisively mocked by him, gives Mr. Frederick Kerr no opportunity of displaying his proven humour and natural ease as a comedian. The vivacious grace and refinement of Miss Ellis Jeffreys as the bright Irish girl Jennie O'Callaghan were vainly expended in the portrayal of a part hackneyed into a mere stage commonplace by repetition. As the frivolous Lady Arthur Hone, Miss Sarah Brooke was seen to less advantage than when she appears in more earnest characters. As a kind of refined Captain Costigan, Mr. Herbert Standen, who is vainly expected to stir up could not impart interest to the rôle of Major O'Callaghan. Mr. G. W. Amson impersonated conventionally a country purity monger. Individuality was cleverly imparted to the sketch of a bombastic provincial mayor by the make-up and acting of Mr. R. C. Herz. The players acknowledged a half-hour's rest; the person; the author, though similarly summoned, wisely declined to appear.

SUBURBAN THEATRES.

Memories of the end of William Terriss were recalled at Kennington by many last week, when "One of the Best" was the attraction. It was in this drama that the popular actor made such a shrewd bit as *Leuz Keppel*, when the full atrociousness of the Dreyfus case was before the public. Mr. Robert Arthur's company gives a fair representation of the romantic military play, Mr. Conway Wingfield, as *Leut. Keppel*, Mr. C. Langley, as *Leut. Conway*, and Miss B. B. Alice Yorke as *Esther Coventry*, being successful in their respective parts. The lighter vein was in the capable hands of Miss Clara Jecks and Mr. T. P. Haynes, each of whom deserves the greatest credit. *"The Girl from Up There"* is the attraction.

Mr. F. R. Benson's autumn season commences at the Grand, Fulham, to-morrow. During his stay there he will present *"Hamlet," "Henry V.," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The School for Scandal,"* and *"Richard III."*

It is now three years since the story of plotting and intriguing was unfolded in Raleigh and Hamilton's drama, *"The Great Ruby,"* but even of popularity is such, and success so great, that it is being presented at the Royal Dumbarton the names of Miss Katherine Clark, Miss Mabel Lane, Miss Marie Saker, Miss Nell Hope, and Mr. Robert Munster stand out prominently. The part named makes a passionate Prince Kasan, and Mr. Booth Conway and Mr. G. Kennedy are particularly good as respectively the arch swindler and the clever detective. Next week *"The Millionaires of Lode"* promises fair interest.

The new income "Floradora," after some months of absence, is returning to the neighbourhood of London, and will appear at the New Theatre, Richmond, to-morrow. The company is exceptionally strong, and includes Mr. Fred Eastman and Miss Althea.

The last week of *"In Spirit of St. Paul's"* is announced at the Pavilion. Other fixtures are—Brixton, *"The Still Alarm,"* Coroner, Mr. Lawrence Brough and West End, Co. in *"The Lady of Lyons,"* Royal (Stratford) *"Two Little Vagabonds,"* Royal (Stratford) *"Down Express,"* Borough (Stratford), *"One of the Best,"* Dalston, *"A Trip to Chicago,"* Crouch End, *"The Night Out,"* Shakespeare, *"Tommy Atkins,"* Crown, *"The Lady Shalott,"* Westwood

acter, and to give his energies so ungrad-
ually as he did on Thursday is one mo-

acter, and to give his energies no ungrudgingly as he did on Thursday is one more proof of his splendid generosity whenever the call is that of charity.

Two houses nightly in the colony are the New Cross Empire, as it is now at the Surrey, where Mr. Belmont, of Sadler's Wells fame, is beginning to "make things hum." New Cross finds the new order things greatly to its liking, and the management of the Empire know how to cater for their public. Mr. Stoll (the artist of the Empire) and Mr. Fred Abdullah to produce their electric spectacle the to-morrow. No fewer than 3,000 lights are used in "A Dream of Paradise," and as this will be the first production in England there should be large audiences for so gorgeous a show.

There is a very bright night than was executed sword play, and Mr. Morton had done well to engage Miss Esme Bering with her new sword and dagger duelling, which has been written for her by A. Egerton Castle. Mr. Castle is not of an able writer, but a most expert sword-fighter, and is a great trophy to be won by the part of the rapier. Miss Bering is both the rapier and the point, and her colleague and antagonist is Mr. George Silver, who has been fighting in South Africa.

Much interest is being aroused in the Championship Brass Band Contest, which will be held at the Crystal Palace, to take place at the Crystal Palace on Sept. 28. Of 100 bands have sent in applications to compete, and as only 25 are allowed to play speculation is rife as to the bands to be selected.

DRAMATIC & MUSICAL GOSSIP.

Two new plays, severely entitled "Mothering Sunday," and "The Purple Lady," the first by Mr. J. E. Pemberton, the second by an American dramatist, have been accepted by Mr. Edward Terry, who will put both to proof on tour. And who this favourite Canadian reader will produce the new comedy written for him by C. B. Hood.

The "incredible experience" to which Miss Sarah Bernhardt, in a Press communication, so mysteriously alluded as having been staged, and which she suffered by her in her lonely manner retired upon the rock of Belle-Ile-au-Mer off the coast of Brittany.

Mr. Maeterlinck, author of "Pelléas and Mélisande," has just completed a romantic play of the same name, which will be produced by Sir Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry with their fellow players, have just commenced their provincial tour at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, with a representation of "Coriolanus."

Miss Hilka Elvers has unfortunately been incapacitated in sudden illness from continuing her impersonation of the heroine in "A Man of His Word," at the Imperial Theatre. Her part, taken temporarily in the emergency by Miss Isak Alexander, is to be studied and played by Miss Elvers.

Mr. T. B. Davis has fixed Wednesday, Sept. 11, for the opening of the New Century Theatre (on the site of the old Adelphi), with the musical comedy, "The Whirl of the Town," in which Miss Madeline and Mr. H. R. Dixie will be seen.

The date assigned by Mr. Arthur Collins for the re-opening of Drury Lane, with the production of Mr. Cecil Raleigh's new autumn drama, "The Great Millionaire" is Thursday, Sept. 19. "Blue Beard" forms the subject of the forthcoming Christmas drama.

Next Saturday Mr. C. Wyndham and Mr. A. Boucher will produce at the Criterion Theatre an original comedy, four acts, entitled "The Undercurrent" by R. C. Carton.

"The Talk of the Town," as might have been expected, is attracting large audiences to the Strand Theatre, and Miss Nellie Norwood's diverting farce has apparently settled down for a steady run. On Saturday Mr. Arthur Williams, whose engagement at the Criterion Theatre necessitates his withdrawal from the cast, was succeeded by Mr. E. W. Ward in the part of Andrew Fallows, J.P.

ACTRESS'S CURIOS.

THE BURGLARY AT MISS GENEVIEVE WARD'S.

Mr. Bennett again had before him at Marylebone the case of a burglar, painter, Philip Sukovitch, aged 21, Twickenham, Cable-st., St. George-in-the-East, who is charged with burglary at the residence of the well-known actress, Miss Genevieve Ward, Avenue-rd., St. John's Wood. The curios missing are three daggers, two mosaic brooches, an Egyptian brooch, two gold charms, and a number of other curios, of the estimated value £100.

MISS WARD'S EVIDENCE

was that she retired to bed about half past 10 on the night of the 22nd ult. leaving the doors and windows securely fastened. About four o'clock in the morning she awoke, and called to the police, and found that the house had been broken into by forcing the drawing-room window with a blunt instrument. She also missed all her curios from two cabinets in the drawing-room, some of which were subsequently found by the police strewn about on the lawn at the rear of 2 Avenue-rd.

CONCEALED IN THE BUSHES.

Prisoner was found by P.S. Henderson concealed under some bushes in the same garden, and upon him was found one of the missing daggers and a silver chain. A German tailor named Joe Cohen, aged 23, "address forgotten," was now placed in the dock with Sukovitch charged with being concerned in the burglary, and also with breaking and entering the dwelling-house, 37, Grove End-rd., St. John's Wood, and stealing silver and other articles, of the total value £50, belonging to Solomon Baron, house-furnisher.

MISS WARD RECALLED.

—Miss Genevieve Ward, recalled, identified a miniature, an antique brooch and a number of other articles found by the police, as her property. Several other articles, she said, were still missing, including three bracelets, a necklace, double garters, silver rings, knife, and two rings. £30 was all the insurance company would allow her for the missing articles.—Mr. Bennett said there was at present evidence to connect Cohen with the burglary, and, as the statement made by him would not be used against him, he was not charged.—Sukovitch was committed for trial.

CHARGE AGAINST COHEN.

—The charge against Cohen of being involved in 37, Grove End-rd., was dropped, and the prisoner, who denied knowledge of the matter, was committed for trial.

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